

The Bethel Courier.

A Weekly Family Newspaper, Central in Politics, devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Education, the Mechanic Arts, and the Interests of the Day.

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The Bethel Courier. Original Poetry.

JAMES NUTTING, Proprietor.

N. T. TRUE, Editor.

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COUNTRY PRODUCE Wanted in exchange for the Courier.

LETTER—No. 1.

DEAR NEPHEW—I have received your letter.

In it you ask me what you shall do to become a man in the highest or best sense of the term. Probably you have been influenced to make this inquiry by reading the dying charge of an eminent king to his favorite son. "Shew thyself a man."

It seems that you are young and wish to be instructed in principle which are designed of God and are well fitted to form the true man. You have asked a very important question, one of great weight which probably would be answered differently by different individuals. Many persons would doubtless answer it according to their own ideas of what constitutes true greatness. They probably would be influenced in their decision by prejudice in favor of some particular element of power. Ask an Alexander what would make a man. He perhaps would say, become a conqueror of nations. Extend the long and strong arms of power, and gather in your embrace the wealth, the physical nerve and the mighty intellect of kingdoms. He would answer the enquiry according to the nature of the spirit which intoxicated his brain and excited him to mighty deeds of "savage warfare."

He was a firm believer in the doctrine that the taking of one life makes a man a murderer, and that the taking the life of millions makes him a hero. But even a pirate proved to him that he was not a man, though he was the acknowledged conqueror of the world. The dread warrior in his imagined greatness said to the disturber of life upon the high seas, "I demand to know by what right you infest the high seas." "By the same right, sir, that you infest the world." Ask a Lycurgus what would make a person a man, and he would probably reply, fabricate, perfect, make strong and beautiful a Republic from the shattered materials and crumbling ruins of some decayed tyrannical empire. Bring systems out of chaos, and order out of confusion. Repress the many vices of the profligate, reform and elevate the great mass of human mind. He doubtless would limit his answer to this single idea, which engrossed his mind and was made by him the chief object of life.

Ask an Aristocles what would make a person a man, and he would doubtless answer, become an eminent philosopher, become renowned for critical and extensive researches in the principles of philosophy. Be known as an illustrious teacher for forty years in the groves of some Academies presiding over learned, noble, and famed pupils. Ask a John Hamden, a great English philanthropist, what would make a person a man, and he answers, "the living cut out of great ideas." The grasping some great scientific or moral principle and developing it to the world to instruct the ignorant or reform the wayward.

As every man has his own idea of what constitutes the true man. I of course have my idea of the subject. According to my view of things the true man is something very excellent and attractive. He is composed of, as not one element of power merely, or two or three, but many. And all these elements, when taken singly, are each fine and beautiful, and when taken together form one complete, harmonious whole. The trite adage is, "Man is the noblest work of God." This remark is one of those obscure gems, which requires much thought and study. Man is not the noblest work of God, when disordered, physically, intellectually, and morally, by

the effects of sin. He is at best only a shattered wreck of what he once was, when he came from the hand of his Maker. The life, the vigor, and the glory of his being are gone. The true man may with propriety be called the noblest work of God, because he does have a capacity to act harmoniously with his Creator in high designs and noble purposes.

As you have asked me what you shall do to become a man, I shall endeavor to answer your inquiry. I shall answer it by a short series of letters through the Courier. As the true man is constituted of many and beautiful elements of power, I shall consider them separately and singly, and I hope to be able to answer your question, both satisfactorily and profitably to yourself. I shall not repeat in any letter anything that has been written in the preceding letters, as the space assigned to me, in the Courier, will be limited. With a single exception, I shall write all my letters as though they were contained in one epistle and read at one time. I make this statement in consideration of the fact, that the mere casual reader of the Courier will not understand the particular relation, which each letter will have with all the others.

You may expect my next letter through the paper next week.

DELTA.

For the Courier.

AMBITION.

BY LYDIA DEAR.

Ambition! How potent is its influence, and how many, many hearts has it separated, who were all to each other. Jessie Dunroy was, until her sixteenth year a simple country girl, the daughter of a farmer who had regained wealth by prudent, and industry. She had received an education thus far mere substantial than showy, and knew little of the frivolities, or pagetries of life. From early childhood her most intimate companions had been Eugene Freeman, a lad two years her senior; the son of a neighboring farmer. He had drawn her to school on his sled in winter, and assisted her over the brooks, and hedges, in summer.

When Jessie was sixteen, her parents and she went to the city of B. to reside with an aunt, a thorough woman of fashion. There she was sent to a fashionable school, taught accomplishments, and when at 18 her education was pronounced finished. She entered the gay world, beautiful, intellectual, and brilliant. She was soon surrounded by admirers, and some few would have recognized Jessie Dunroy, in the proud, haughty, imperial belle. In the meantime Eugene Freeman had graduated with honors, and being an only son had yielded to his parent's wishes, and returned to the old homestead, happy in his agriculture and intellectual pursuits.

During this time he and Jessie had always corresponded, and a few times he had visited her. No formal betrothal existed between them, yet each knew they were loved, and Eugene looked forward to the time when Jessie would be always with him, as not far distant. But of late her letters had changed. They were less frequent, and seemed cold, and constrained. He attributed this change to this cause; that Jessie felt now he had graduated, and settled for life, he ought to speak more fully of his feelings, and plans concerning herself. He determined to do so, and with this intent he visited her. He was shown into the drawing room on his arrival, and Jessie was summoned. How he

started as she entered the room. She was regally beautiful, splendidly attired, but how little did she seem like Jessie Dunroy, his Jessie. There was such scornful curling of the lip, such a cold haughty light in those large black eyes, that it almost froze him as he gazed upon her. When she first recognized him she turned pale, and seemed much agitated, but recovering herself she welcomed him with cordiality, and grace, and began conversing of old friends, and by gone days. Soon Eugene spoke of the subject nearest his heart, and frankly asked her to be his wife at any day. For a moment Jessie was silent, and trembled violently; then she said, "Mr. Freeman—Eugene, this can never be. I am betrothed to another."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet he would scarcely have been more amazed. Before he could speak she resumed, "Yes, I am shortly to be married to a man of twice my years, a man whom I do not love, save for his gold, and the position I shall occupy as his wife."

She was very calm now, and the look had returned which she wore when she first entered the room. Eugene gazed at her a moment and said, "O Jessie you know not the pang you are inflicting upon me. I have loved you so long and so truly; and the strong man bowed his face on his hand overcome with emotion. Jessie arose and approaching him, laid her hand on his shoulders. "Yes, I do know Eugene Freeman," she said, "for know that my heart has ever been your own. I am casting that from me which alone can make purely happy, and for what? Ambition! I have nursed this in my heart, till, to gratify its cravings, I relinquish every thing else. I am not worthy of you, bestow your love on some gentler being, and be happy."

He had risen and was standing before her as she ceased speaking, and in an imploring voice he asked, "Jessie does not your heart plead for me, does it not beg you to relent?" "No," was her vehement reply. "I have crushed and silenced its pleadings till it pleads no longer for right." Then placing her hands in his he said in a more subdued tone, "I will not ask you to forget me. No, remember me always, pray for me sometimes, and may you be ever happy. He stooped down, pressed a kiss on her forehead, and left the room. Thus passed the bright dream of his youth away, yet he was not wholly miserable. He had in some measure ceased to respect Jessie, and without respect there can be no longer love.

A few years passed away, and he took to his heart and home, a sweet, gentle girl, and loved her truly. He passed his life in doing good. Jessie became Mrs. Elmore, and moved in the most aristocratic circles in both hemispheres, for she traveled extensively in the old world. But she did not live long to enjoy her dearly bought splendor. Ten years from her bridal she died. We will not judge her. God is merciful and can save in the eleventh hour. But O, what a wasted life was hers. Reader beware, least the serpent Ambition, enter your heart; and conquer over every good impulse, every virtuous, loving thought.

"Ten, eleven, twelve—why wasn't you at that Kaping ball, Pat? Ye see we mustn't be sitting up at that one, no just as I was listennin' to see if the clock struck nine, ye must be botherin' me so that I'm not knowin' whether it's twelve or one."

Rev. Stephen C. Strong was installed pastor over the Congregational Church at Gorham on Wednesday.

ASTOUNDING DISCOVERIES.

Many charges have been made against dealers in intoxicating liquors as engaged in vile and dangerous adulterations. The Legislature of Ohio in March, 1856, directed Dr. Hiram Cox, a distinguished chemist of Cincinnati, to make a thorough examination of such liquors as are in the market. The following extracts from the result of his investigations, we advise every man who is in the use of intoxicating liquors to read carefully, and then think before he drinks. Can a man walk on hot coals, and his feet not be burned? Can he take poison into his stomach, and not be injured?

"Although the Cincinnati liquors are villainous in the extreme, there are other large cities equally culpable. For example, a gentleman of our city, a Druggist, that he might have pure liquor as a medical article, and that kind for purity, &c., that he could recommend to his customers, went to New York and purchased two half-pint bottles of splendid 'Faint Brandy,' one pale, the other dark. When passing, one day, he called me in to see his 'beautiful pure brandy,' just from New York! I stopped, looked at it, smelled it, but before tasting it, happening to have some blue litmus paper in my pocket, I introduced a small piece—it came out red as scarlet! I then called for a polished spatula, put it into a tumbler containing, perhaps, half a gill, and waited on it fifteen minutes—at the expiration of which the liquor was as black as ink. The spatula corroded, and when dried, left a thick coating of rust, which when wiped off, left a copper coat almost as thick as if it had been plated. I charged him, on the spot, under the penalty of the law, not to sell a drop of it; took samples of it to my office, and the following is the result of the analysis, viz:

1st sample (dark) 55 per cent. alcoholic spirits of volume, and 41 per cent. by weight; specific gravity, 0.945. The taste indicated Sulphuric Acid, Nitric Acid, Nitric Ether, Prussic Acid, Guaiac Pepper, and an abundance of Fusil Oil—Base—common whiskey, not one drop of wine.

I called at a grocery store one day, where liquor also is kept. A couple of Irishmen came in while I was there one called for some whiskey; and the moment he drank the tears flowed freely, while he at the same time caught his breath as one suffocating or strangling. When he could speak, he said to his companion:

"Och, Michael, but this is warming to the stomach!" Michael went through like contortions, with the remark, "Wouldn't it be some in a cold frosty morning?" After they had drank, I asked the landlord to pour me out a little in a tumbler, in which I dipped a slip of litmus paper, which was no sooner wet than it put on a scarlet hue. I went to my office, got my instruments and examined it. I found it had 17 per cent. alcoholic spirits by weight, when it should have had 40 per cent. to be proof, and the difference in percentage made up by Sulphuric Acid, Red Pepper, Pellytory, Costic Potassa and Brucine, one of the salts of Nux Vomica, commonly called Nux Vomica. One pint of such liquor would kill the strongest man. I had the manufacturer indicted."

The following story gives a lively idea of how the Russians govern Poland. A Jew met a Cossack in the forest, and the latter robbed him of his horse. On returning to the town, he lodged a complaint with the major in command, who was (with what truth we shall see) reported to be a most rigid disciplinarian. The Cossacks were paraded, the robber was pointed out, when, with the utmost effrontery, he remarked that he had found the horse. "How!" replied the Jew. "I was upon his back!"

"Yes," retorted the Cossack, "I found you, too; but having no aim for Jew, I did not keep you." The excuse was admitted, and the poor Israelite was dismissed, minus his steed.

If you would purify your own heart, spend no more time in seeking to discover the characteristics of vice than is necessary to enable you to detect those which are the paths that lead to it.

The Bethel Courier.

FRIDAY MORNING, FEB. 24, 1860.

SUPERINTENDENT OF COMMON SCHOOLS.

We have not heretofore alluded to this office in our columns for reasons that may be obvious to many of our readers; but when we see an order introduced into the Legislature to abolish the office, we cannot resist the temptation to say a word in relation to so important a movement. It may be regarded as a fixed principle in the government of a State that all important trusts demand special oversight by some one well acquainted with its details. As in machinery, there must be a moving power, so in every department of our body politic there must be found those who can set in motion, and keep in motion, all the complicated movements belonging thereto. Opposition has been manifested against our free school system, even in the most enlightened portions of New England, ever since it was first founded, and it has been the earnest of those who were usually the most benefited by it. Men of broad, comprehensive views have labored hard to establish such a system as should give an opportunity for an education to the poorest child of the State. Had this not been the case, a large majority, even of those who are now assembled in our Legislature, would not be able, to-day, to read and write. Every step in advance has always been fought through difficulties. Yet the work of education has been going on. We have been connected with some department or other of our school system as a teacher for twenty eight years, and we speak what we do know, that there has been a vast improvement in our whole system of education since that time. We have better books, better school-houses, better teachers, in spite of the constant drain upon us by emigration, and a much wider range of study, in all our schools than formerly. A sudden impulse was given to our schools when the school laws were revised, and a Board of Education was established in 1847. Teachers began to feel more and more the dignity of their calling. The labors of the Secretary of the Board in connection with the Institutes encouraged teachers and introduced new and improved methods of instruction. Still, we are aware that opposition has been shown all the way down to the present time. Nevertheless, the work of education has gone on, and many a thousand of our active business men have to thank the friends of education for their efforts to elevate the common school. One great cause of this opposition has arisen from the mistaken views everywhere presented by which these changes are brought about are seldom apparent. It is not confined to Maine. Massachusetts, with all her glorious achievements in educating her youth, is at this moment assailed by a few narrow minded individuals, who would never pick up a diamond if they should detect a flaw in it; but her schools will go on, and so must ours. Our Legislature may abolish the office of Superintendent. They may call it expensive. So is our State Prison. Our Legislature will not wince at spending a hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of taking care of a few rogues, but when the question comes up how shall we furnish instruction to the cheapest and most effectual manner for the poorest child in the State, it is a question which will appear to be affected with a strange desire to use economy. But education cannot be cheated. A man or State may be niggard in regard to the education of their children, but they only cheat themselves.

The office of Superintendent is an important one. It has placed our school system on a permanent basis. It has not by any means accomplished

all that is capable of doing. This must be a work of time. Modifications and improvements will continue to be made to render our institutions more efficient and perfect our whole system of education. Of the difficulties that have arisen in the Executive Department in relation to this office, we know nothing, save what we have seen hinted at in one or two papers; but that should have nothing to do with the continuance or discontinuance of the office itself. We shall certainly have the curiosity to see the names of those who will vote to abolish it. We hope, however, they will not suffer themselves to perform an act which all sensible and well educated men must condemn, and which some future Legislature must and will reconsider.

Whoever may be appointed to this important office, whether in the East or the West, let every good citizen do all in his power to sustain him in the discharge of his duties. In no other way can the greatest good of the greatest number be reached. There is a mighty work for such an officer to perform. If he can introduce into our schools any better methods of instruction, and we believe more attention should be paid to this one point, or if more enlarged views can be infused into the minds of the people, that can in any way be rendered manifest, no sum of money is hardly too great to be expended in this direction. We should feel mortified as a citizen of Maine to have our common school system assume a retrograde step, and are not yet prepared to believe that this will be done. Opposition will show itself against the best man in the State. Ignorance and knowledge will always be at war with each other. Against who refused the tempting offer of a king to go back to Europe, is held to ridicule in his adopted State for attempting to illustrate some point of natural history in a Teacher's Institute; and Horace Mann was in a constant warfare, though no man in America ever gave greater impulse to our common school system. We hope, therefore, that hands will not be rashly laid upon what has required so much labor on the part of educators of youth to establish.

TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.
The friends of Temperance met at the Universalist Chapel at Bethel Hill on Friday, at 2 P. M.

The following officers were chosen:
A. Davis Esq. President, N. T. True, Secretary, B. Freeman, Assistant do.

Prayer was made by Rev. Mr. Hazeltin.
Rev. Mr. Garland said that facts cannot be reasoned down. The state of society around Bethel Hill has been in advance of many communities for sobriety and good order. They had a clergyman with them for 25 years in every good word and work. We have three classes of citizens, let America. Look at them and you know the character of the town. They are almost to a man opposed to vice in all its forms. The second class. The nerve and sinew of America. On these fall the labor of moulding society. They are to decide whether society is good or bad. If a man were to come in to inaugurate here he would inquire what was the state of society. One of this class whose voice was long and loud has been called away. When a moral question came up he was a leader. His language to his son on his death bed was, "my son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

The third class. Young America. They all drive like John. America in the vigor of life should remain in the chariot of state, and caution young America even though the latter hold the reins.

Rev. Mr. Hazeltin said that in social meetings we often have ground because we think we have but little to say, but he always found it easiest heeling a load to put the smallest

wheel forward. He was for leaving the laws as they are.

Mr. Josiah Brown said that no good citizen would consent that resolution. Anything that can degrade man should be banished. Men who indulge in intemperance are dragged down, down, down, in their scale of being till they are ruined.

Dr. True said something but our reporter neglected to write them down.

Dr. True, Benj. Freeman and Dr. O. Twitchell were chosen a committee on Resolutions.

Dea. George W. Chapman said that the temperance cause had been near his heart for a long time. Intemperance has an injurious effect on every faculty of the human mind. It was irksome to him to spend a few hours in some places. Intemperance levels all alike. I appointed the first temperance meeting in Gilead. I laid aside my tobacco and my rum at the same time and have used neither since. This was twenty five years ago. The remarks of the Deacon were listened to with great interest.

EVANING SESSION.
Rev. Mr. Wheelright said that he had never been in a place where he had seen so little intemperance as here. He had seen but one man whose legs seemed to be tangled. He had seen it elsewhere enough to ruin men. How has the image of man been injured? No man better knows its evils than the man who has experienced them, and no man can speak more eloquently than he. Some of the most gifted young men in the land have fallen. Where are the young men with him in college, who gave up to the fell destroyer? They are gone.

Dr. J. Fanning said that the subject of Intemperance is always before the Physician. People would be astonished to know the number that enter a drunkard's grave, even in this State. The little wine, the little intoxicating drink weakens the power of resistance. It is not an easy matter to lay aside a bad habit. There seems to be a propensity in the human constitution to use stimulants of some kind.

The President said that he would like to have said something in regard to the Maine Law. This is a subject of common interest and should excite the interest of all. If a man has a son on the road to a drunkard's grave, it matters not what his politics or religion may be, we must do all in our power to save that son.

Interesting remarks were made by Mr. Josiah Brown and Mr. Garland but our limits forbid us. The evening session was one of the most interesting to which we have attended for many years. The exercises were frequently enlivened by interesting music from a Quartette Club.

The next meeting will be on Friday evening of this week at the same place.

22d OF FEBRUARY.—The ladies of this village and vicinity, taking advantage of "leap year," gave a Lecture at Lovejoy's Hall, on Wednesday evening of this week. Although it was very bad weather there were a goodly company present, who appeared to enjoy themselves to the very last. Messrs. Ripley, Goe & W. Ke, accompanied music that would do honor to a larger place than this. *Miss Head*, of the Bethel House furnished a beautiful supper in the usual good style and to the satisfaction of all who partook. We hope to witness many more such gatherings during the year.

We understand that Mr. Ripley will give another Assembly at Lovejoy's Hall Tuesday evening of next week. We hope there will be a general attendance.

Please read F. S. C. Miller's advertisement to be found in another column. He has a very large stock of Dry Goods and Groceries, and is selling at a low price.

Dr. B. Fordyce Barker a native of Wilton in this State is President of the N. York State Medical Society.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

A Musical Festival will be held at the Universalist Chapel in this village, during the week commencing Feb. 27th, three sessions per day, under the direction of E. C. Farrington of Lewiston Falls.

The "Jubilee," (Cantata edition,) will be used as a Text Book.

It is expected that some good musical talent from abroad will be present and render valuable aid.

A grand Concert will be given on Friday evening, at which will be performed the Oratorio of "Esther, the Beautiful Queen."

Tickets for the course, 50 cts. to be had of Mr. Joseph A. Twitchell, and at this office.

Tickets for the Concert, 45 cts. N. B. The Cantata Edition can be obtained at D. A. Twitchell's store.

It will be seen by reference to the advertising columns, that Mr. John Ripley has leased the Great Mill at Walker's Mills. He is a good miller, and we doubt not will give good satisfaction.

Who now will say that we are not progressing? Spring Street was lighted up by a street lamp for the first time on Wednesday eve.

We learn from the Democrat that the Tannery, Gristmill and Dwelling House of Mr. Emerson Wilkins of Waterford were burned on Tuesday of last week.

Steamer Hungari on a fire on Cape Sable.

ALL ON BOARD SUPPOSED TO BE LOST.

HALIFAX, Feb. 20.—Evening. A large steamer went ashore last night on Cape Sable, west side of Cape Sable. No communication has been had between her and the shore.

BARRETTOWN, N. S., Feb. 20, P. M. The steamer's lights were seen at 1 o'clock this morning, and at daylight she was found to be ashore half a mile from the Island.

The sea was so rough that boat could not reach her. A vessel is proceeding to go to her assistance.

The American Consul presided at once to the steamer, but has not yet returned. We shall probably have particulars in the morning.

HALIFAX, N. S., Feb. 21. The brig Cygnus, which has a record of this port in twelve days from New York, while lying in thick weather on Sunday evening at 1 o'clock, off Liverpool, N. S., saw a large screw steamer, steaming W. N. W.; hence the steamer ashore at Cape Sable, probably the steamship Hungarian.

Capt. Jones, who left Liverpool on the 9th inst., for Portland, Pa., agent of the Associated Press has sent a special messenger to the scene of the disaster. He has also just received the following:

"Barrington, N. S., Feb. 21.—The Consul returned from the Island last night, but nothing is yet known as to the wrecked steamship. It is supposed that all on board are lost. A vessel has gone round this morning."

HALIFAX, Feb. 21. The messenger dispatched to the scene of the disaster is not yet returned. The following are boats sent from Cape Sable to Mrs. C. G. and Co.:

A steamer's lights were seen Monday morning at 3 o'clock on Cape Sable. At daylight, spars and smoke pipe were standing. At 10, all were gone by the board, and then the ship went down. A heavy sea was running, breaking up high over the ship. Communication with the ship was impossible. All on board were lost, unless boats left the ship before daylight, which is not likely. At 1 o'clock, part of the ship was yet visible from the scene of the wreck.

The steamship is the Hungarian, from Queenstown, 9th inst. She is a total wreck. Crew and passengers all supposed to be lost. Small portions of the hull are now visible at low water.

There is nothing like news for the Associated Press unless in the mail, a small portion of which has been arrived in a damaged state. One passenger ticket has been saved in a damaged state. A passenger ticket can be found, with the name Ellen Jackson on it.

Further intelligence will be forwarded as obtained. Nothing more to-night.

Narrow Escape.—We learn from the Portland Advertiser that a little son of Mr. F. H. Riggs, of Lewiston, had a narrow escape from death by poison on Sunday week. His mother, who is an invalid, had been using a wash composed chiefly of morphia and opium, which she set down in a chair for a moment. While her back was turned, the child took the cup and drank a portion of its contents. When the physicians arrived, the little fellow was apparently past care, but by the prompt and repeated application of the galvanic battery, the fast ebbing current of life was stayed; and the child is now doing well.

Sudden Death.—The Portland Advertiser of Thursday gives the following particulars of the death of a little boy in that city on the day previous:

"A little son of Mrs. Beauchamp, residing on Cumberland street, 13 years, died yesterday morning under peculiarly afflicting circumstances. Several days ago he had trouble with some boys, who attempted to take him away from home, and in the office, he received a number of severe cuts and bruises about the body and small of the back. He made no complaint at the time; but two or three days ago he was taken sick, and died yesterday morning; and it is thought that his death was the result of the injuries. Mrs. Beauchamp is a widow lady, recently removed here from Montreal, and is at this time confined to her bed by illness."

FIGHT WITH A MAD DOG. A few nights ago, Mr. Owen Hamilton of Chester County, Pa., was aroused by his dog going mad in the room occupied by himself and family. Lighting a candle as quick as possible, he saw the dog coming towards him as if to make battle. Not knowing at the moment of excitement what to do, he jumped upon the bed, but a long leap of his wife and children, and having no weapon at hand to kill him with, he made an effort and succeeded in catching him by the back of the neck. After a desperate struggle, he might say for life and death, he overpowered the dog. Then came the trouble to dispatch him—how, almost overcome in the struggle. The dog was brought, but it was unknown to the axe, but both hands were required to hold the dog; finally a dog was procured and the animal was killed. Mr. Hamilton immediately returned to a jury, but one was completely paralyzed and he from the effects of the struggle.

FIREMEN FROM JACK. A large number of the crew of the United States frigate Minnesota, recently paid off at New York, arrived at New York, on the steamer Yorktown, one afternoon last week. Some four hundred men, bound at tickets at a shanty on a Lottery street, in the Shore Line train, paying eight cents and receiving money back in the obliging poor Jack train. Some of the remarks by the early settlers were not very complimentary to the "metropolis." New York is the only city in the world where such swindling is tolerated.

There is a native African in Baltimore, who came to this country to see the world, but he is so fearful of being sold into slavery that he has put himself under the protection of the Colored Society, a very anxious party to get him back to Africa. He is a "sunny fellow," where he has five and six wives going or his return. He is six feet high and of fine proportions.

The damage on the Hudson, from the recent storm, it is stated, will reach \$200,000. Every village and city has suffered more or less injury to buildings, trees, or green-houses. At Peekskill the damage is from \$60,000 to \$70,000.

Immense veins of coal have recently been discovered in Demerara, and it is thought the mining operations there will be very extensive this year.

The Oxford Democrat seems to exhibit a little because the "handsome Editor of the Courier," was not invited to the Lecture on the 22d. It is hard to be twitted on facts.

A stick of pine timber was cut on the Megalloway River last week measuring one hundred and sixteen feet in length and weighing nearly six thousand feet of lumber. Such trees are not common.

A Maine Law in Africa. An African prince recently issued a proclamation to his people in relation to trade, which ought to put to the blush the civil authorities of Christian countries. Here is the proclamation:

"I, Mosheh, writes for any trader, whoever he may be, already in my land, and for any and all, who may come to trade with the Bashuto; and my word is this: Trade to me and my tribe is a good thing; I wish to promote it. Further, the law that I issued on the 8th day of November, 1854, I renew this day, that people may be reminded, of it, and conform themselves to it. The law runs as follows: The brandy of the whites was unknown to Meho, and to Motlomo, and to the ancestors of the tribe as far as Manabeng. And Mosheh has obtained to an old age, drinking only milk and water, for intoxicating drinks do not become a good thing. Drink brings in contention; it deteriorates the judgment; it cannot uphold the town. Therefore, let it be known that it is not lawful to sell it among Bashuto, and any man who brings, whether he be black or white, to sell it in the tribe, exposes himself to it being spilled on the ground. And that is all I say, Mosheh, (his mark) Chief of the Bashuto."

SINGULAR AND FEARFUL CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM. Last Thursday night, during the violent snow storm which was raging at that time, Mrs. Hepler, wife of George Hepler, of Falserville arose in her sleep without awakening her nurse, who was sleeping with her, and passed out at the back door, and jumped or fell into the well, forty feet deep, containing about two feet of water. The nurse subsequently awaking, missed her, when search was made and she was at length found in that precarious condition and excited. Mrs. Hepler had for years been in feeble health, and only a week previous had been confined, giving birth to twins. She had long been fearful that some of her children would fall into the well, and had frequently dreamed about it, and had probably been dreaming on this night of such an accident and went to the supposed rescue. She jumped up, a few silent strides, but the shock of the nervous system of one, the shock of the health must have been great. Her escape was almost miraculous.

[*Manchester Observer.*]

Henry Ward Beecher, Minister of the Unitarian Church in Boston, has been sentenced to 60 days imprisonment at Chatham, for drunkenness, for which he was fined \$100 by the Justice of the Peace.

The little daughter of a Statesman, recently hung in New York for stealing money, died on Saturday. Her mother was heavily upon her. The whole of this ill-fated family has now passed away.

In New York, on Friday, James Dunphy, a boy about eleven years of age, was amusing himself by lying a kite from the roof of a house at the corner of Thirty-seventh street, he slipped and fell to the pavement beneath, a distance of forty feet, sustaining injuries which resulted in his death.

There is a native African in Baltimore who came to this country to see the world, but he is so fearful of being sold into slavery that he has put himself under the protection of the Colored Society, a very anxious party to get him back to Africa. He is a "sunny fellow," where he has five and six wives going for his return. He is six feet high and of fine proportions.

It is asserted that there are not less than seven hundred persons engaged in counterfeiting money in the State of Ohio.

James, Earl of Southesk, Scotland, who has just returned from a hunting expedition at the West, was victimized out of \$50 by Isaac Swindler, a notorious New York ticket swindler, on the price of a ticket for Liverpool by the Cunard steamer which leaves this port on the 23d inst. The ticket was \$200. The police forced Swindler to fork over the \$50, but the Earl declined to give him back.

A little boy named Berth, was drowned in a mill race at Greenville, R. I. a few days ago, by breaking through the ice.

The Bethel Courier.

MAILS.

Calls close as follows:—
To Portland, 10 A. M.
To Island Pond, 4 P. M.

ARRIVAL & DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.
Leaving train leaves Bethel for Portland at 10:30 A. M. Returning—arrives from Portland 1:45 P. M.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Sabbath at 11 o'clock A. M. and 1:15 P. M. in the following churches:
Rev. Mr. W. W. G. at Bethel.
Rev. Mr. W. W. G. at Bethel.
Rev. Mr. W. W. G. at Bethel.

MEETINGS FOR PRAYER.

On day evenings at 6:15 o'clock, at the vestry will be Class, Tuesday evenings. Prayer Meeting Saturday evenings.

THE POWER OF MEDICINE OVER DEATH. We know of no better illustration of this fact than the wonderful effects of the Oxygenated Bitters, in radiating from the human system dyspepsia and all functional diseases of the stomach, and restoring impaired digestion. It is a new remedy. Ten years of trial by the public has established it as a standard medicine, and no family in the country should be without it as a safe and sure remedy with both sexes and all ages. In our large cities it has been much used by the regular physicians, and is endorsed by some of the strongest certificates from well known individuals. For sale by all the druggists. — *Weekly Newsletter.*

We can testify from experience that the above medicine possesses all the merits claimed for it by our friend of the Newsletter.

Philadelphia has now so many steam engines—(twenty-one)—that hand engines have become an unneeded superfluity, and a considerable number of them are ordered for sale.

Henry B. Kunkle of Monteville, Ohio has been arrested for robbing the mail, which crime he confesses. Kunkle was telegraph operator at Monteville, a depot where the mail is over for the night, a had access to the room in which they were kept. S. H. Brown, formerly a clerk in the Toledo post office, has been arrested for a similar offense.

California emigrants should beware whom they purchase passage tickets. New York, June 2nd. "Emigrant Agents of Ashland County, Ohio, were fined out of \$100 by the Justice of the Peace, of that city, and John Wilson of Tingo County, Pa., was likewise fined out of \$100 for selling tickets for California.

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Mrs. Solomon, of Lexington, Vermont, N. Y., is receiving honorable mention in the papers for courageously confronting a burglar, who was descending the stairs of her dwelling house, and compelling him to drop a bundle containing: two silk vests worth \$500 and \$250 in money, which he had levied upon in one of the chambers. The man, a negro, struck her several hard blows and knocked her down, but he was alarmed both him and the family, and he was forced to leave without booty.

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